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H. C. BEALS,
Photographer and Agent,
Mexico, N. Y.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1877.

NUMBER 42.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE
TROUBLED."

BY MARY E. C. JOHNSON.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be
afraid,"
These were the words the Master in loving kind-
ness said:
For He knew that through all ages there should
come times of fear,
When men's strong hearts should fail them for
doubt that he was near.

"Let not your heart be troubled; it is His divine
command;

Written in His holy word by His dear disciple's
hand;

For He knew through pain and toil those who
followed him should come.

To the many mansions which He had promised
for their home;

Those many glorious mansions, in His dear home
above,

Which He had built for those of earth who fol-
lowed Him in love.

Do not let your heart be troubled; a messenger
divine

Has brought these words of comfort to help us
through all time;

Through all time of toil and danger, and through
all time of pain,

He left these words of blessing, He who never
speaks in vain.

"Let not your heart be troubled," oh, good
words of blessed cheer;

Oh good words of solemn incuse to banish doubt
and fear;

Of life's dark solemn midnight when you feel
yourself alone,

"Let not your heart be troubled" for the comfort-
er will come,

Let not life's fear o'er come you, be not by death
dismayed,

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be
afraid."

TWO WORDS.

The sun's declining rays streamed
through the window, casting a rosy hue
over the statues and paintings in
the young artist's studio, and resting,
it seemed, with a sort of friendly pity,
upon the bowed form of the young
artist himself.

Gay Levere sighed heavily as he
raised his head and gazed at an unfin-
ished portrait on the easel before him.

The last touches were to be put to the
drapery, and then he must give up
the picture, and take his \$100 for
painting it.

It was a girl's portrait. The soft
blue eyes looked smilingly out at him,
the brown hair rippled away from the
white forehead, the coral lips were
closed, with an expression of mirth
lurking about them.

"And I must give it up—must give
it up!" exclaimed the artist, making
an impatient movement, as if he would
clasp the inanimate thing to his heart.

"Oh, Maud! Maud!" he whispered,
his grey eyes softening with unutter-
able tenderness, "you do not dream
how much I love you. I believe you
love me in spite of my poverty. There
is something in your eyes as you look at
me—"

He stooped abruptly and turned the
face from him. A smile
touched his lips, but it was not a
pleasant smile; it would have hurt him
had you seen it; it was so cold and bit-
ter. He rose and walked to the
window, and looked gloomily into the
street. Guy Levere was intensely
unhappy at that moment.

"If there is any such thing as
love," thought he, "two young persons
could live on \$800 a year, but love,
bah!" and yet his thoughts lingered
fondly over one who he liked to think
would endure even poverty for the
sake of love.

He noticed a familiar carriage rolling
down the street. A small gloved
hand was waved at him from the car-
riage window. He bowed and smiled.

The carriage stopped close to the
pavement, an elderly gentleman stepped
out and entered the studio.

"Ah, Levere, how are you progress-
ing?" exclaimed the gentleman, with-
drawing his glove, and pressing the
artist's proffered hand with a bow as
gracious as if it had been a millionaire
he was greeting.

"Pretty favorably," replied the artist.

"I rather expected it to be finished,"
said Judge Allan, fumbling somewhat
nervously in his pocket.

"Don't, I beg, Judge!" exclaimed
Guy, as the gentlemen produced a
formidable looking pocket-book.

"Pshaw, here's your money; the por-
trait is as good as finished. It's not
nearly I'll call around again. I'll send
for it. And for fear you'll think I've
made a mistake, I may as well men-
tion that there is \$150 in the roll.

"Come, Levere, do not be selfish. I
really think a glass of wine will do
you good," he urged.

say it is the best thing of the kind I
ever saw. You are destined to make
your mark."

"Thank you, Judge, from my heart,
for your encouraging words, but, as I
agreed to paint the picture for \$100, I
positively refuse to take a cent more."

"Fudge! do you suppose I am mak-
ing you a present of it? I consider
the portrait worth it."

Guy turned his pale, proud face to-
ward the picture, and a yearning look
in his eyes said plainly that if he pos-
sessed it thousands could not buy it.

"My dear Judge," said he, "I have no
doubt that you really consider the pic-
ture worth that, or may be much more,
but I can but repeat what I said be-
fore, \$100 and not a cent more."

The Judge bowed coldly, and a faint
flush crept up his face as he received
the returned bill, but in his heart of
hearts he liked him better for it.

Guy walked to the door with him.
Judge Allan coughed once or twice in
an undecided way.

"Levere," said he, "if you are going
round to Hart's this evening, I should
be glad to drive round the square and
have the pleasure of your company in
the carriage with us."

A gleam of light shot into his eyes.
"You are too kind," he exclaimed,
"I shall certainly be happy to accept
your offer."

Guy began to think that the world
had suddenly grown very bright. He
did not know that as the Judge sank
into the seat beside his daughter, he
exclaimed:

"Maud Allan, I am of your opinion;
he is one of nature's noblemen!"

Could he have heard the low mur-
mured "Oh papa!" he would not have
thought his case hopeless after all.

A gay and brilliant company was
assembled in Mr. Hart's dining-hall.

Passing round the sumptuous tables,
let us take our station at the farther
end of the room, where we will be
near a group of four.

He turned towards her, the love of
a life time looking out of his eyes.

He set the glass down.

"God bless you," he murmured—

"With His help and yours, I will stand
firm."

On a lovely day in June I took a
stroll up Fifth avenue. Ten years
had elapsed since I bade farewell to
my friend, Guy Levere, before my de-
parture for Europe.

I turned my eyes upon the door-
plate of a handsome brown-stone man-
sion. I started slightly as I read on
it the name, "Guy Levere." I mount-
ed the marble steps, opened the door,
and entered unannounced. I followed
the sound of voices across the hall, and
entered unobserved. A gentleman and lady
were standing before a landscape painting.

"What do you think of it, Mrs. Le-
vere?" asked my friend Guy.

"It is your best success," replied the
lady.

As they turned toward me I recog-
nized in the lady the person who, in a
moment of sore temptation, had spoken
two words to Guy—"stand firm."

A day or two later I went in search
of Roland Cameron. A gentleman of
whom I inquired shook his head and
sadly said:

"He is the most perfect sort of whom
I have any knowledge. He is never
seen in good society. You cannot
mention his name without moving a
sigh or a sneer. He married a lovely
girl, a Miss Brooks, but she died of a
broken heart five years ago. If it
were not for his father, he would be a
pauper. There he comes down the
street now."

Roland Cameron was riding a beau-
tiful bay trotter, whose feet scarcely
seemed to touch the ground, so swift
was its pace; and I shuddered to see
the reckless rider reel in his saddle.

The horse took fright at some object
in the street, and in another instant
Roland Cameron was lying lifeless at
our very feet. We bent over the
wretched man. He was dead. The
sharp edge of a stone had been forced
through his temple. He never moved
afterward.

My dear reader, can you reflect
without horror upon a death like this?

As I gazed upon the haggard face,
bearing too strongly the marks of awful
dissipation, my blood seemed pouring

But Guy would not yield.
Young Cameron at last appealed to
the ladies.

"Ladies, help me! He cannot re-
fuse you; that would not be polite.
Levere, if these ladies ask you to
drink just one glass, you won't refuse?"

The artist turned his eyes toward
Maud Allan's face; something there
reassured him.

"If both the ladies unite in asking
me to break a pledge—I do not say
what will be the consequence," he said,
with a half smile.

"Good!" exclaimed Roland.

"Mr. Levere," said Miss Brooks, "I
really don't think that one glass can
possibly do any harm. You surely
cannot refuse your friend?"

"But is he his friend?" asked Maud
earnestly.

Ah, reader, if you are a woman, nev-
er say a thing like that to any man;
for who can tell if he may not be
nightly tempted, from love of it, to
take a single glass? Tempt no one,
lest, in the last great day, the lost
soul of a drunkard may be required at
your hands."

Guy Levere wavered.

"'Tis true," he said, "it is a little
thing; yet I liked the taste of wine
once, and one glass might—but I am
not that weak! Miss Brooks, do you
really wish me to drink a glass of
wine?"

"Mr. Levere, it would give great
satisfaction to your friend, Mr. Cam-
eron, and, beside, we have all made
ourselves a little conspicuous, and a
great many have been laughing at
you."

Roland filled the glass and handed
it to him; Guy took it and raised it
slowly to his lips, when Maud, forget-
ting the eyes that watched her, laid
her trembling white hand on his arm.

"Stand firm!" she said in a low
tone.

He turned towards her, the love of
a life time looking out of his eyes.

He set the glass down.

"God bless you," he murmured—
"With His help and yours, I will stand
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DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

HENRY O. BURKE, Editor and Professor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y. New York
OTT LEWIS SLEETER, Associate Editor
REV. AUSTIN J. HANNA, Associate Editor, Cleveland, Ohio
REV. HENRY WINTER, Associate Editor, U. S. Miss., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Dear-Mutes Journal is issued every Thursday in the last paper for deaf-mutes, and it contains the latest news and correspondence the best material available to date.

PRICE: 10¢. One copy, one year, \$1.25. Two copies, one year, \$2.50. If not paid within six months, \$2.50. These prices are variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter, at 50¢. Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are also responsible for views and opinions expressed. Communications should be sent to the Editors.

Contributions, subscriptions and remittances, etc., should be sent to the Editors.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the foreign Deaf-mutes should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Hislop, Worcester, Mass., U. S. Miss., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address, 10¢.

receipt of five cents.

BE DILIGENT.

Whoever would succeed in his vocation should be diligent. If we should trace out the history of men who have risen to eminence, and acquired wealth by their own efforts, it would be found that in the majority of cases their good fortune in making a success of their calling, was, in a large measure, due to the diligence with which they pursued their labor. Unremitting diligence is essential to profitable labor.

The greatest results are not usually achieved by people who can triflingly boast of doing one or two great days work in a week; but those during the remaining portion of the week.

It is every-day, constant application, aided by activity and concentration of well-directed work; with frugal habits, that seldom fails to accomplish de-

pendable ends. Go and ask the man of business, who, from the humble but honorable vocation of boot-blacker, has successfully passed the intervening gradations till he has risen to the position of a wealthy banker, what is the secret of his success in business, and he will tell you that diligence had much to do with his present position.

Ask the wholesale merchant, who began his business career in a country retail store, and to-day is an importer of foreign goods by the ship load, whether in his good luck consisted: "diligence in business," explains the mystery.

One of the leading causes of failure among deaf-mutes to acquire a comfortable competence for themselves and families, is, we fear, too often attributable to a lack of diligence in labor, and a desire to often shift their quarters from one place to another, which often tends to disastrous results. Some deaf-mutes who envy the seeming good fortune of others, would do well to remember that many of those whose position they envy were earned by diligent habits, and by long-continued close application to the duties of those, who to-day are looked upon with jealousy, by a certain class whose greatest delight appears to be in scoffing from one place to another, and forcing their idle tales of hard times and ill-success upon their unwilling hearers.

If all who received a fair education, and a reasonable amount of instruction in some useful trade, had made the most and best possible use of their knowledge and physical powers, and stuck to their chosen calling, there would not at this time be so many dependent on the charity of their friends.

Attention to work causes poverty, while diligence and economy will provide a fair and comfortable existence for all.

Prot. Job Turner's friends and correspondents will please address him at No. 27 Appleton St., Boston, Mass., instead of at Worcester.

Rev. Dr. Gallandet expects to deliver his quarterly lecture before the deaf-mutes of Troy and Albany, in Troy, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst.

A service for deaf-mutes will be held at St. Mary's Church, Mott Haven, N. Y., on Sunday the 21st inst., at 4 p. m.

The fifth anniversary of "The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes" will be held in St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday, Nov. 11th, at 7:30 p. m. The service will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Courtney and interpreted by Rev. Dr. Gallandet. Extracts from the fifth annual report will be read.

The Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes at No. 220 East 18th St., N. Y., will hold its annual reception and sale on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, from 11 a. m. to 10 p. m. Refreshments and other articles for sale can be sent to the Home.

The cost to Maryland of supporting 1,500 troops for 21 days, during the labor riots, was but \$3,861.76.

History of the Montreal (Canada) Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes, by Thomas Webb Principal; "The British Conference on the Education of the Deaf and Dumb," by Richard Elliott; "The Deaf and Dumb," by M. A. Margate, England; "Biographical Sketch of Fisher Ames Spofford," by Robert Patterson, B. A., Columbus, Ohio; "The Stereoptican as an aid in the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb," by F. D. Clark, M. A., New York; and other topics of interest, all of which are handled with ability.

The American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb is published in January, April, July, and October. Each number containing at least 64 pages of matter, principally original.

The subscription price of the American Annals is two dollars a year, payable in advance. To British subscribers nine shillings, which may be sent through the postal money-order office.

Communications relating to the Annals may be addressed to the Editor, Edward A. Fay, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.

Specimen copy sent to any address, 10¢.

receipt of five cents.

HIRAM L. BALL HAS A PARTY.

Our friend, Hiram L. Ball, of this town, works for Mr. Jessie Burdick, about one mile east of this village. He has been with Mr. Burdick since last spring, and has also worked for him two seasons before this. Mrs. Burdick and Hiram are cousins, and both her self and husband can communicate with Hiram quite advantageously, are well pleased with his work, and he feels very much at home with them.

As an appreciation of his faithful services and strict application to his duties on the farm, and as a token of their kind feelings towards Hiram, Mr. and Mrs. Burdick a few days ago resolved to have a deaf-mute party on his account. "Resolved," with them meant something more than an idle word.

Saturday evening, Oct. 13th, the invited ones, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Jones and Mr. Lawrence N. Jones, and Miss Tillie Nutting of Richland, the editor of the Journal, and wife, and Mrs. Grace J. Chandler and Miss H. Augusta Avery of this place, at the house of Mr. Burdick.

The Jones brothers brought with them Prof. Alphonso Johnson, of the Rome Institution, who was visiting with them. He came from Rome after school Friday night to Sand Hill, where he stopped and visited his friends till Saturday evening when he accompanied them to the party, and from there he accompanied his friends to Mexico, remaining till Monday morning, and then returned to Rome. Of others that deaf-mutes, besides Mr. and Mrs. Burdick and little boy, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Charles Calkins, of Richland, at whose house Tillie Nutting's birthday surprise was held last spring, a sister of Mr. Burdick, Mr. Burdick's mother, aged 87 years, and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cole, who are brother-in-law and sister of Hiram.

Everything possible was done by Mr. and Mrs. Burdick to make the affair one of unsullied pleasure from first to last, and the result was what might have been expected—success.

The wants of the Mexico deaf-mutes were very generously and kindly provided for by Mr. Burdick, who came with his two horse team for them about seven o'clock, and brought them back at the close of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdick provided a sumptuous supper, consisting of substantial and luxuries, and, if any doubt that ample justice was done to the long, well-spread table, we refer to them for corroborative proof. The evening throughout was spent in a very pleasant and highly enjoyable manner, and about one o'clock, the happy gathering broke up, with many pleasant recollections of the party, and with many wishes for the future welfare and prosperity of their kind host and hostess.

The local fair of Minnesota stole a march on the girls of the institution there, and had no chance either to send in specimens of their handiwork or to attend themselves.

Plaize boots and shoes, scrap-books, jewelry boxes, mittens, etc., have been sent from the Michigan Institution to the local fair. The whole school visited it the other day and had a good time.

At the top of the flag staff on the main building now approaching completion at the Minnesota Institution, will be 100 feet from the ground. Good place to stand a boy who forgets his lesson.

Mark M. Powers is a deaf-mute who owns eighty acres of good land four miles from Eastville, Ill., and all he needs is a good wife. This isn't an advertisement.

A wagon maker out west had a deaf-mute daughter in his family, and, ascertaining her one day, he came near being lynched by the judgment neighbors.

They have a bowling alley 94 feet long at the Minnesota Institution. Noticing that Superintendent Bowles of the Kansas Institution ought to get one too.

The Minnesota Institution has got 275 bushels of excellent wheat from 11 to 25, and calculates to live on the flour for the next six months. Here is economy for you.

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AMERICAN ANNALS.

We are in receipt of the Annals for October. The present number abounds in matters of interest. Among some of the prominent subjects contained in it is a report of the annual meeting of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes at No. 220 East 18th St., N. Y., which is to be held on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, from 11 a. m. to 10 p. m. Refreshments and other articles for sale can be sent to the Home.

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The Remizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; and items so sent: *The Remizer*.

They have over 400 pupils at the Illinois Institution.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Jacob E. Tuttle, of Peotone, Ill., for two chromos.

Several instances, a lot of them in fact, are reported among mutes during the vacation.

If you visit the Minnesota Institution, be sure to go on a Friday between 9 and 12 o'clock A. M.

Very few pupils are reported arriving at the Kansas Institution, but there is no lack of visitors.

Mrs. Dr. Gillett, of the Illinois Institution recently lost her father. He died at an advanced age.

MARY L. SWEN, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, has been appointed teacher in the Louisiana Institution.

A pupil of the Nebraska Institution was killed on the railroad last summer, while on his way from school.

THE LITTLE Gopher deserved to grow as it has. Over two hundred paying subscribers helped it along last year.

A deaf-mute in Murphysboro, Ill., keeps a hardware shop, and does up hats and chiming with neatness and dispatch.

The readings of the Michigan reading club have not commenced yet, and nobody seems bold enough to bell the cat.

The Christian Union speaking of the Michigan blind indignantly asks: "ought they to be housed with the deaf and dumb?"

Two or six parties and Sunday School excursions make the times lively for the visitor's attendant at the Michigan Institution.

The Post-office address of William Perry Evans, of Spencer Grove, Benton Co., Iowa, is Walker Lime Co., Iowa. Mr. Evans is a subscriber of the Journal, and likes his paper very much. His cousin, George W. Evans, he says, is alive and well. They have many deaf-mute friends in this town.

The Stoward of the Colorado Institution has a ranch about thirty miles from the school. It is a peaceful place.

Pray Hubard has charge of the most advanced class at the Michigan Institution this year. The class is an unusually fine one.

A Mr. Norris, a graduate of the Manchester, England, Institution, resides in Chicago, following the vocation of stone cutter and carver.

THE MIRROR hints that its waste paper basket is the ultimate of communications from pupils that do not come *via* their teachers.

The father of a pupil in the Nebraska Institution, while driving during a thunder storm was killed by lightning. His son was also killed.

Soon after their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, of Jackson, started for Chicago and the west, spending a couple of weeks with friends and relatives.

A deaf-mute named Herr, of Louisville, Ky., aged 15, has gone to take a six years course at the National Deaf-mute College, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Thompson of Peninsula, Ohio, sister of Mrs. Hale, matron of the Minnesota Institution, has been visiting friends and relatives in Cleveland.

The new engine in the gas-house of the Kansas Institution, took a finger almost of the hand of a nephew of the Superintendent while he was trying to stop it.

The Nebraska Institution leaving a short notice, is studying economy from the baby that, in order to make both ends meet, puts its toes in its mouth.

PRINCIPAL Kinney, of the Nebraska Institution, took a delightful trip through Colorado, during his vacation, visiting the institution for the deaf at Colorado Springs.

HAZEL! A deaf-mute leftr is missing from Monroe, Michigan. He is twenty four years of age and was last heard of at Richmond, Indiana, in May last.

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The present post-office address of Mr. Charles S. Newell is No. 460 West 23d St., New York city, to which communications relative to the O. E. S. matters, and to the Committee on Building Fund affairs, may be addressed.

Prot. Job Turner's friends and correspondents will please address him at No. 27 Appleton St., Boston, Mass., instead of at Worcester.

Rev. Dr. Gallandet expects to deliver his quarterly lecture before the deaf-mutes of Troy and Albany, in Troy, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst.

A service for deaf-mutes will be held at St. Mary's Church, Mott Haven, N. Y., on Sunday the 21st inst., at 4 p. m.

The fifth anniversary of "The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes" will be held in St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday, Nov. 11th, at 7:30 p. m. The service will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Courtney and interpreted by Rev. Dr. Gallandet. Extracts from the fifth annual report will be read.

The Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes at No. 220 East 18th St., N. Y., will hold its annual reception and sale on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, from 11 a. m. to 10 p. m. Refreshments and other articles for sale can be sent to the Home.

The cost to Maryland of supporting 1,500 troops for 21 days, during the labor riots, was but \$3,861.76.

AMERICAN ANNALS.

We are in receipt of the Annals for October. The present number abounds in matters of interest. Among some of the prominent subjects contained in it is a report of the annual meeting of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes at No. 220 East 18th St., N. Y., which is to be held on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, from 11 a. m. to 10 p. m. Refreshments and other articles for sale can be sent to the Home.

The cost to Maryland of supporting 1,500 troops for 21 days, during the labor riots, was but \$3,861.76.

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold our opinions responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

PROF. JOB TURNER EXPLAINS HIS PLATFORM.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have read with sorrow, communications published in your paper reflecting upon myself.

I would have all my friends to believe, that I am not controlled by any but the best motives in the work I endeavor to perform to the glory of "our Lord and Master."

Nothing is more remote from my wish than to disturb the harmony of the deaf-mute society of any place. It pains me to contemplate that any should think that I, a feeble servant, am vain-glorious. I am conscious that in me there is nothing to boast of. I pray that blessings may attend, and good results may be achieved by all the laborers in "our Master's vineyard." I earnestly trust that all who may think of me in connection with the missionary work, will do so with charity, and not turn to bad account the unbounded kindness shown me during my visits to various places, for which I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude. I am sure that the Lord will abundantly bless them, who have not been forgetful to minister unto "one of the least" of the brethren.

I am sorry that my friend at Dixmont should have reason to complain about the manner in which notices were given, for the holding of religious services in Maine. I am anxious to do all the good in my power; and suggestions, as to how the work can be most effectively performed, will always be most gratefully received. I most assuredly need the co-operation of friends.

In a spirit of good will to all, especially to those who differ with me, I would say, I am always happiest when I can do anything to promote the welfare of my fellow deaf-mute friends, and will perform any reasonable service to preserve harmony between all deaf-mutes.

My prayers are for unity and concord among "the brethren."

Yours sincerely,

JOE TURNER.

A WORCESTER LETTER.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 13, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Geo. B. Keniston, of Everett, Mass., came to this city, Saturday night, the 6th inst., to preach to us on Sunday forenoon. In the evening, we had a pleasant prayer meeting.

Mr. Keniston gave an account of the death of Mrs. Harriet J. Tallmadge, a deaf-mute lady who

was longed in Lowell, Mass. She died of quick consumption, Friday night, September 28th, at her father's residence in Lowell. She had been sick for several months, and took a cold which at last terminated in consumption. Some time in June, Mr. Keniston went to Lowell to preach to the deaf-mutes there, and learned that Mrs. Tallmadge was sick with consumption at her father's.

He went to see her, and she seemed pleased to see him. He asked her several questions about God, and her answers seemed satisfactory.

Sunday, Sept. 23d, he went to Lowell again to conduct religious services before the Lowell mutes, and he was told that Mrs. Tallmadge was failing rapidly, and that she was not expected to live long.

He asked the mutes to go with him to her father's residence, thinking it might please her to see them. When they called to see her, he told her about the word of God, and encouraged her. She seemed glad to hear the word of God. They did not stay long for fear of disturbing her. Mrs. Tallmadge's name was Somes before her marriage, and her husband's name is Henry L. Tallmadge, of New Canaan, Conn. They lived in Bridgeport, Conn., for a number of years; and when she was taken sick, she went to her father's to stay. She was a great sufferer during her entire sickness. During her residence in Bridgeport, she became a member of the Episcopal church. She went to the Hartford Asylum in 1859, and was a scholar there six years. Her husband was at school at Hartford from 1853 to 1856.

Last week we were pleased to hear from our former member, Miss Abbie L. Chaffin, and to learn that she arrived at Chicago safe and sound. She is enjoying herself very much, and likes Chicago better than Worcester. I hope her long distance from us, will not cause her to forget us. When there are deaf-mute meetings, we hope she will be a faithful attendant.

On the 6th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes, wife of the president of the deaf-mute society in this city, after six months' absence went home to East Boston from Derby, Conn., with her little boy, and her sister, Mrs. Harriet Wheeler. Mrs. Wheeler's husband formerly taught school for deaf-mutes at Hartford. He died of consumption in November, 1863. Mr. Holmes was very glad to meet his folks again in Boston.

Mrs. D. B. Howe of this city went to the Union depot here in the afternoon to see Mrs. Holmes with her little boy and Mrs. Wheeler in the car.

Mrs. D. B. Howe contemplates going out of town soon to visit her friends in Boston, and at Nashua, N. H., to spend a few days. It is hoped that it will do her good, and that she will return in improved health.

Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., at the deaf-mutes' hall in Gorham's Block, Mr. D. B. Howe, of this city, gave a lecture on an "intelligent kitten," though there was rather a small attendance in the hall, his lecture was very good, I presume.

Worcester is considered one of the handsomest places in Massachusetts, and is in a flourishing condition. I think the city worth visiting. It has a population of about fifty-two thousand, and has many splendid residences and public buildings. Many of the streets are lined with rows of beautiful trees on each side, and it is nice to take afternoon drives through the shaded streets in hot weather. A great many improvements have been made in this city. When any of the deaf-mutes from other places come here they find Worcester a very pleasant place, and wish they could come and live here.

The number of mutes will, I hope, grow larger when business is better and times are more prosperous. Worcester has a nice free public library, which contains a great many books, which those who have nothing to do can enjoy reading in the library room. It is a great deal better for young men to spend their evenings at the library, reading books and newspapers, than to loaf on the streets. Samuel Green, Esq., of this city, is librarian, and went to Europe a few weeks ago but I don't know when he is coming back. I presume he is having a very nice time in the "old world." I should like to speak a few words on "Temperance." I am very, very sorry to know that many of the mutes are regular drunkards, or moderate drinkers; and I wish they would quit drinking. I am sure rum is poisonous and is of no use. Should they try to learn a lesson of temperance they would feel better and happier. Rum can weaken one's mind, and can deprive him of his wealth, health, happiness and usefulness. Every deaf-mute should try to think studiously of temperance, which will be of much benefit to them. One cannot enjoy intemperance as well as temperance. If a deaf-mute man thinks that rum would do him any good, why does he think so? If he likes to drink rum, does he like to fall into the mud and make his face look dirty? If he does not like to fall into it, he had better give up the desire for drinking and clothe himself with perfect temperance. If a deaf-mute man thinks that rum would do him any good, why does he think so? If he likes to drink rum, does he like to fall into the mud and make his face look dirty? If he does not like to fall into it, he had better give up the desire for drinking and clothe himself with perfect temperance.

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